



VOL. XXIV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1856.

NO. 5.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

INSECTS IN AGRICULTURE.

It is the province of the farmer to raise food, and he has almost said for every creature. It may not be true to say so, but he has to feed a great many more creatures than he desires to, and sometimes this compulsory feeding upon the fruits of his labors, leaves him with little to eat himself.

Thus, as soon as the seed is committed to the earth it is subject to the depredations of a horde of insects, and as soon as it is up another horde attack it, and when it is ripened, if it should chance to escape all its enemies thus far, another set are all ready to devour it unless it is watched, and guarded with care. Oftentimes the worst enemy he has to contend against, is a little despicable puny insect, which, notwithstanding all his wisdom and strength, baffles his efforts of protection and leaves him minuscules.

Hence, it becomes useful if not necessary for the farmer to become acquainted with so many at least of the insect tribes as interfere directly with his labors. In different sections of the country we find different species of insects, and therefore it becomes a duty for the farmer of each section to become acquainted with the insects of his immediate location first.

The New York State Agricultural Society have taken measures to have the insects of their territory, whether noxious or beneficial, described, and have employed Dr. Asa Fitch to do it. This he has done, and we very cheerfully acknowledge the receipt of a copy of his work, and for which we tender him our cordial thanks. It is a work of some 170 or 180 octavo pages, and is an honor not only to him but to the Society which employed him to perform the labor which he has so well done. But not only describes the insect in a clear and familiar manner, but he has illustrated the work with a great many cuts, presenting them to the eye in their various forms, and at their work of destruction at different stages, in such a manner that he who is but little versed in Entomology, may readily understand it. We wish every farmer and gardener could have a copy of it.

SUNFLOWER SEED FOR FOWLS.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman recommends sunflower seed as an excellent food for fowls.

They are indeed excellent for that purpose. We once raised a quarter of an acre of them. They are easily raised and the hens and turkeys were exceedingly fond of the seed, the sheep eat the dried leaves, the hogs were fond of the green leaves, and the large dried stalks made very good kindling wood. But after all we were not quite sure whether it was not better to raise Indian corn for them.

The writer above referred to goes into the following calculation—"an acre of ground" says he, "set one foot each way, will contain 43,560 plants and the yield will be from 75 to 100 bushels according to the nature of the soil and cultivation; but they will grow on almost any soil and location."

Between 20 and 30 years ago, Charles A. Barnitt, of Pennsylvania, experimented a good deal in making oil from sunflower seeds. By hulling them and passing them through an oil press, he obtained a pure sweet oil, equal to any olive oil, for any of the purposes to which olive oil is put. We suppose, however, it must have been more costly than olive oil, from the fact of its not coming into more general use. One trouble in its manufacture was the requirement of hulling.

At the time of Mr. B's experiments the ordinary screw press was used. If the seed was not hulled the hull would absorb a portion of the oil. We should think, however, that the improved hydraulic press, or combined screw and knuckle joint press, would squeeze the oil out of hull and kernel as dry as a chip. We mention these things merely to remind our readers that there are valuable properties in the honest old sunflower, and that it need not be grown as a merely ornamental plant.

Bangor, Jan. 14, 1856.

BAKING BEETS AND TURNIPS. I have seen it recommended in your paper to bake beets instead of boiling them. I wish to add my testimony in favor of the method. Being washed with as little of the skin cut as possible we bake them till done when the outer skin is removed, and the beets served up according to taste. The sweet juices which inevitably escape while boiling, are retained and concentrated and one who has never eaten them would be surprised at the superior flavor.

The ruta baga or sweet turnip is equally improved by the same method of cooking. Not being fond of, and therefore not eating the latter vegetable, I cannot speak in its favor from personal experience but the unanimous opinion of the turnip-loving members of the household, that boiled turnips should be eschewed by all good cooks and housekeepers.

(Cor. American Agriculturist.)

NON-RESIDENT SETTLERS AT THE SOUTH. The Courier says that some of the heavy business men of Boston are about removing to the State of Georgia, for the purpose of developing some fine natural advantages peculiar to the locality there selected. They intend to establish a trading point around one of the finest water powers in the South, where will be manufactured to a large extent such goods as are wanted there, and are now brought from the North.

HIDES IMPORTED INTO SALEM. The Salem Register says that 360,154 hides have been received at that port during the past year, chiefly from Africa and South America, and 62,449 loose goat and sheep skins, besides 534 calves, 288 bundles, 7 cases and 2 packages of the same.

Reported for the Farmer.

FARMERS' MEETINGS AT THE STATE HOUSE.

The first of a series of farmers' meetings, called by the Executive Committee of the Maine State Agricultural Society, was held at the State House, on Thursday evening, Jan. 17.

The President, Hon. S. B. Putnam, took the chair, stating that the subject of conversation was the "Feeding and Management of Live Stock or Domestic Animals." This was a subject of vital importance to the farmers of Maine.

The meeting was an informal, social one, and he invited all present to take part in it.

Mr. Forbes, of South Paris, would like to hear from gentlemen, in regard to neat stock. We have various kinds of fodder, good upland hay, swale hay, bog hay, &c., and he would like to know how to use them so as to keep up the condition of neat stock, and not have them grow poor in the operation.

Mr. Chase, of Buckfield, said his business was farming. We are all aware that farmers have much rough fodder. He commences at winter to feed poor fodder, and changes every day, say, corn fodder, straw, coarse hay, and, if he finds it not sufficiently nutritive, he gives a nubbin of corn or a few turnips. In this way he keeps his stock in good condition as when they came to the barn.

Mr. Crane, of Kenduskeag, said that he has much coarse fodder. He has at his barn a double horse-power. When foddering time comes, he runs a band from this to one of Garland & Palmer's straw cutters and runs the whole through it. In addition, he gives turnips, carrots, and corn and cobs ground together. He has been at great expense in getting water into his barnyard, so that his stock can have water at all times, and he thinks his stock 20 per cent. better for it. Coarse fodder is of much value to the farmer, and if judiciously used would be of great aid. He thinks the difference between oat straw and good hay is one-third.

Col. Putnam, of Plymouth, said he had been engaged in keeping stock for many years. He cuts and mingles his coarse hay and straw together, and feeds out to the young stock during winter. Has kept young stock so well through the winter, in this way, as to be able to sell them for beef, in the spring.

One of the greatest secrets in keeping stock well in winter, is regularity of feeding. His boys feed his stock by the clock. He keeps water constantly in the yard; cattle accustomed to be fed at certain times, get uneasy if not fed, and should always be fed at such times.

His coarse feed consists of oat straw, barley straw and wheat straw, and corn fodder. Stock require more salt, when thus fed, and he therefore often sprinkles the fodder with brine. Cannot tell the difference of value between cut and uncut straw, but thinks it is enough to pay for the labor of cutting. Waters twice per day, at stated times. Harvests his straw early.

Mr. Haines, of Arrostook, has raised a good deal of stock, and has fed a good deal of rough fodder to his stock. He has so much of it that he keeps it by him; never cut any; has a rack under the barn, and allow them to lay all together, mingles his coarse hay and straw together, gives him cows a foddering of hay, takes one year longer to bring young cattle up to the same size when fed this way as when fed on good hay; gives his young stock good hay during their first year, and after that lets them take the coarse fodder. Has fed cattle one winter on ruta baga and straw, gave the roots to them whole, and let them grow to suit themselves. When feeding roots he gives salt and finds no trouble of turning taste in the milk or butter. When a cow breaks into a turnip field and eats to excess the milk will taste of the turnips. If fed with turnips after milking, no taste of them can be discovered in the butter or milk.

Mr. Howes, of New Sharon, said he once carried some butter to market from cows that were fed with turnips, and it was found to taste of the turnips. He feeds his own coarse fodder all at once, keeps his cattle tied up in the stall all winter except when turned out to water.

Three or four years ago he paid \$10 for a straw cutter but did not see any benefit in cutting with it, and therefore sold it again.

Mr. Chase thought the best of oat straw, turned invariably make the milk of cows, that eat, when they have a disagreeable taste, but the turnip itself does not have that effect.

Mr. Putnam never uses his rough fodder except to young cattle, his cows and his oxen he keeps on good hay, while his cattle are in the pasture and can get a part of a living, he gives them good hay, but when snow comes commences with coarse fodder; agrees with Mr. Howes in keeping his cattle tied up, and warm; when feeding coarse fodder to them he allows them no hay.

He finds stock raising profitable, has made money by it, has made money by farming, and wishes that young men would believe that agriculture is a profitable business; has always had to hire his help.

Mr. Scammon, of Saco, enquired how the corn fodder spoken of was cured? Are you in the habit of cutting the stalks, or do you cut at the roots and shock?

Mr. Putnam never topped his corn stalks, cuts it up at the roots when green, and shocks it up till dry.

Mr. Crane follows the reverse course, tops his stalks, and the shocks or butts he packs away with straw, salts them at the time and thus feeds them out.

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variety, sown in May; in August it had reached 8 feet, he cut it up let it wilt, bound it in small bundles and set it up, found it was moulding. He then made a rack of boards and stood the bundles around it and covered it with hay caps, but found it was damaged very much, thinks it cannot be dried without hanging up the bundles. Last year tried common corn, and it matured somewhat before cutting up, and dried well, would recommend the sweet corn for fodder, thinks that southern corn shrinks from 5 lbs when green to 1 lb when thoroughly dried. In one experiment found that 15 lbs green weighed 8 lbs when dry, so that it makes about half as much dry fodder as there is of green. Finds a gain in giving milk cows warm feed, and keeping them warm but in well ventilated stables.

Mr. Forbes had been much interested in the remarks that had been made—had but little experience in feeding stock. When the farm which he has now first came into his possession, he was away, but hired a person to take care of it. This man adopted the usual mode of feeding rough fodder first, but he found that his stock fell away on it. After he went upon the farm, he changed the mode of feeding. He found it unprofitable to let stock grow poor at the barn. The change he made was to give them a variety often. Two years ago, when thrashing, he ran his straw out into the barnyard. His stock came from the pasture, full and would go to the rye straw pile and eat it greedily. From this he inferred that animals demanded a variety of food. He then thought he would commence foddering with good English hay, thus: good hay in the morning, swale hay next, after which corn fodder and straw. Gives light fodderings at a time. He often cuts his fodder—never turns the cattle out unless his yard is warmer than the stable. Has water in the yard. Feeds carrots, and sometimes gives a pint of cob and corn meal. This meal is made of one bushel of corn and two bushels of cobs from which the corn has been shelled. He gives it to them warm by pouring on it warm water. His cattle now look sleek, and so as to suit him, and they give indications of enjoyment. He plants a piece of corn fodder in this way: He breaks up ground, puts on what manure he can get into drills, and sows three or four bushels to the acre—prefers sweet corn. Thinks there is but one way to cure Southern corn, and that is by straddling the bundles on poles, so that the air may draw through them.

He pastures in an old pasture, and is compelled to feed his green fodder early. Uses bedding for his stock such as muck, saw dust, is good where it is had. Muck when dried makes very good bedding. He keeps it in a shed near the stable, and he uses it every morning after cleaning out the stable.

He finds corn fodder is eaten more readily when moulded or fermented.

Mr. McKenny was called upon by Mr. Crane to state his mode of curing fodder. He had raised corn fodder, last year sowed a bushel and a half of southern corn, sowed it in drills well manured and sowed thick. The manure was green and he covered it over with his hoe before planting the seed. It grew tall and was blown over, cut it up and hauled it in when but little wilted and packed it away with a thick layer of straw and then a layer of stalks, and then strewn on salt. His cattle eat it very greedily, it moulds, though but a very little, where the large stalks are; some of the leaves look bright except where they touched salt or the big stalks.

In regard to turnips, two years ago hauled in ruta baga and carrot tops into his barn. Not feeding them, he packed them away in the above way with oat straw and salt. In the winter he found that the cattle eat the whole greedily.

He bought a poor lean cow, for \$11—gave her 4 qts. of scalded milk in the morning, with the tops and straw as above, per day, until mid winter. He then gave her a peck a day of scalded milk. The cow paid him, reckoning milk at six cents per quart, ten cents per day over and above the expense of feed. He killed her when she gave six quarts in the morning, and sold her for \$35. Thinks he made a good operation. Has occasionally used a straw-cutter, but not generally. Never likes to have a single drop of any kind of wet on his hay, either dew or rain.

Wintered six cows last year, some young stock and six oxen. Throws his manure under cover—put in seven holes—kept his cows on the fodder of straw and corn-fodder—gave each cow five ears of corn per day—his hogs had a quart of corn to the seven, night and morning. His oxen had a peck of meal each, and their manure was also thrown in to the same hog-pen. The hogs thrive well, and by stirring the manure mixed it well, and improved it very much.

Mr. Gilman wished to hear in regard to sawdust for bedding. He had once made arrangements to haul sawdust to his stable, but was advised by a neighbor not to do it, as he had tried it and found that his corn manured with a mixture of sawdust and horse manure was destroyed by worms. He wished to know what had been the experience of others in this respect.

Mr. Crane had used manure mixed with sawdust, and found it benefitted his soil for three successive years. Used during this last year in his stables 1000 bushels, and shall continue to use it for this purpose and the manure for his corn crops with confidence in its valuable properties. Has never used sawdust for mulching trees.

Mr. Gilman wished to inquire of farmers the best mode of making hay. Had formerly worked on a farm with his father in New Hampshire, where he was in the habit of not spreading his hay much in order to prevent too rapid evaporation of its moisture. Believes that stock thrives better on such hay than on that which has been very much dried, and that rapidly.

Mr. Simmons, of Waldoboro', said that one of his neighbors, who recently moved into his neighborhood, adopted the method of cutting his hay in the morning, putting it up before noon in bunches of half a hundred, and kept it thus six days. He got it in without opening,

but had good weather during the week. This hay was excellent. It came out bright, sweet and fragrant.

Mr. Crane cuts his grass in the morning, cocks it up before the dew falls—opens it next morning, and gets it in before night.

Mr. Simmons follows the same mode in curing hay.

Mr. Chamberlain cuts his grass in the morning, cocks it up before night, and does not spread it thin enough next day to require the rake—keeps it under the fork.

Mr. Walker of Fryeburg, wished to hear remarks on the keeping of sheep.

Mr. Britton of Winslow, has had some experience in this business. Keeps about 100. After snow comes gives them hay in morning made of blue joint and fowl-meadow grass, and about noon, straw. Feeds them, when the weather is dry, on the snow; when stormy feeds in racks. He also gives two bushels of flat turnips per day to 100 sheep. During the latter part of winter, when sheep are lambing, he gives the best of hay and corn. His lambs drop about the 10th of April. Has warm sheds for them. Shifts his sheep once a day from their yard to the cattle yard, towards night, to let them pick up the leavings of the cattle. He keeps water by them. His breed of sheep are three-fourths merino.

He feeds his cattle mostly in barn—gives them a foddering of straw and meadow hay (fowl-meadow) at night, and in the morning corn fodder and good hay. Considers clover hay very good for sheep.

Mr. Walker has kept sheep. Gives them corn fodder once per day, then gives them meadow hay. By meadow hay he means what is called, in his section, buckhorn hay. He finds corn fodder profitable fodder for sheep. Has kept the Saxon breed, but is now crossing them with Leicester. He finds sheep as profitable as any stock that he can keep.

The meeting then adjourned to Friday evening, when the subject of discussion would be "Is farming a profitable business?"

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE HOUSE.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following directions for building an ice house at a small expense:—

"Having a barn unoccupied, I measured off a room 12 feet square, in the North West corner. My friend informed me that the bottom should be fixed to let the water drain immediately off, that comes from the ice, hence I put rails down on the ground, there being no floor, and covered them two feet with sawdust, which filled up to the top of the sills; then I put boards on and covered them six inches with sawdust, so that the ice should settle alike, and not make vacuums in my pile. Again, air must not be admitted at the bottom; if it is, nothing can keep the ice from melting; so I put the scantling forming my inside walls, on which were nailed inch boards, 12 inches from the inside of the barn boards, filling the space with sawdust. Height of wall six feet. The roof of the ice house should not be very near the ice, hence I left all open up to the roof of the barn, and took the ice out at the top. Having an ice house completed, which two men will make in two days, with team, if sawdust or spent tan bark is near, I proceeded to procure my ice. Myself and a man cut the ice in one day, and slid it on shore, where we let it remain till the water was all frozen that was dripping from it. I drew it to my barn and piled it upon the floor. It being cold weather, I did not pack it away into the ice house till a fortnight had passed, during which time it became very transparent. I put a course over the bottom, and filled the cracks with ice, and then laid another course, and so on, till my room was filled.

When filled, I covered the top course one foot deep with sawdust, stamped it down, and when the ice was wanted, removed just enough saw dust to take out as much ice as needed. During summer, when the ice melted on the sides, I filled up with sawdust and stamped it down closely. We took ice out every day and sometimes four or five times in a day, and have quite a quantity on hand now. A correspondent of yours says, no one should expect to keep ice unless he puts up a cubic of 12 feet, 1728 solid feet. My pile was 610 solid feet."

FEEDING OF CATTLE. The feeding of roots to cattle, if done properly, is of great advantage. But if the farmer makes it a point to pitch out into the lane or yard, turnips, &c., without cutting, and unmixed with some kind of meal, precious little good is accomplished. There is a way of doing just right in everything; and in feeding stock, the right way is the most profitable. Farmers should give their cattle more attention; and we are determined those who read our paper shall not lack in instruction as to how they should keep their stock. In feeding roots, they should be cut very fine and mixed with chaffed hay or straw mixed with meal, (says a contemporary,) so that the dry food will be moistened by the juice of the roots. About a bushel or a bushel and a half to a large fattening bullock, three times a day, is about the quantity to be fed; to smaller cattle in proportion. Roots should be fed to all cattle in winter quarters on dry food. [West. Ag.]

ROOTS IN WINTER. The Massachusetts Plowman recommends to those who are rearing young animals to feed on roots. They favor the growth rather than the fattening of animals, and are therefore more suitable for the young than any kind of grain would be. For this purpose the flat turnip answers well, and as it is often grown with but little trouble, it is worth laying up for young stock. Turnips may be buried under a pile of hay in the barn—or in the barn cellar, without a covering.

FLOURING BUSINESS IN ROCHESTER. The annual statistics of the Rochester flouring business show that there is now invested in mills and machinery \$681,000, and that there are 122 run of stone employed. The total amount of flour exported during the past year is 601,471 barrels; of wheat imported, 1,951,272 bushels.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

A WINTER NIGHT AMONG THE HILLS.

BY HENRY T. HARRIS.

Cold blows the wild December blast  
Among these snow-capped hills,  
And cold the vestal moon now shines  
Upon the frozen hills.  
The bare trees stand like sentinels,  
To guard these solitudes,  
That reign with awful stillness  
Through these wild and pathless woods.

The wildest from his rocky den  
Comes with a piercing scream;  
His fierce eye in the full moon light  
Flashes with fearful gleam.

The mountain-wolf sends up his cry—  
Since more he has not fed;  
And she is eager now to slay,  
And "hauquet on the dead."

The racoon walks alone to-night  
Within the frozen bog,  
And leaves his foot-prints in the snow  
Upon the maple log.  
The deep-mouthed owl far up the glen,  
Holds undisturbed sway;  
He sits—Night's loneliness chorister—  
Upon the beechen spray.

The slender doe has gone to rest—  
The fawn alone is left;  
Our faithful hounds have lost her track,  
To be regained no more.  
Night's lonely moments coldly fly  
With stillness all supreme,  
Save when the owl's long, moody cry  
Comes with the wildcat's scream.

Sends out its brilliant light;  
And from each near projecting rock  
Displays the frost of night.  
A fat deer hangs against the tree—  
His slender limbs are still;  
No more his musky feet will paw  
Upon the yellow hill.

Before the fire our hounds now sleep—  
The mountain class is done—  
We rode through wild unbroken dells  
Until the stag was won.  
Drear is the night—I cannot sleep  
Among these frozen hills;  
For Nature's wildest Poetry  
My soul's deep casket fills.

WEST PENOBSCOT AG. SOCIETY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

The committee on crops of the West Penobscot Agricultural Society have made the following awards for the year 1855:

ON CORN.  
To J. M. Herrick, Cornish, for 170 bushels of ears per acre, \$2; T. W. Knight, Garland, 165 do. do. 1.75; Eliza C. Tabbets, Exeter, 136 do. do. 1.50; John C. Clement, Kenduskeag, 139 do. do. 4.25; O. K. Nason, 124 do. do. 1.00; Hall Bagley, Charleston, 111 do. do. 1.00; Asa Shaw, Exeter, 120 do. do. 1.00.

ON WHEAT.  
To Asa Shaw, Exeter, for 25 bu. per acre, (white bald), \$1.75; Charles C. Heard, 28 do. do. (Georgia red), 1.50; S. W. Knight, Garland, 29 do. do. 1.25.

ON BARLEY.  
To Chas. Cochran, Cornish, for 45 1/2 bu. per acre, \$1.00; S. W. Knight, Garland, 29 1/2 do. do. 75 cents.

ON RYE.  
To S. W. Knight, Garland, for 29 1/2 bu. per acre, \$1.00; Hall Bagley, Charleston, 184, 75 cents.

ON OATS AND PEAS.  
To S. W. Knight, Garland, for 30 1/2 bu. per acre, \$1.00.

ON POTATOES.  
To Hall Bagley, Charleston, for 308 bu. per acre, (Orono), \$1.75; S. W. Knight, Garland, for 212 do. do. 1.50.

ON BEANS.  
To S. W. Knight, Garland, for 9 bu. on 4 acres, \$1.50; J. S. Sanborn, Charleston, 6 do. do. 1.25.

ON CABBAGES.  
To S. W. Knight, Garland, for 2633 lbs. on 4 acres, \$1.00.

Committee.—E. B. Soper, H. K. Dexter, B. W. Towle.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catharine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellence of her character than her charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms:—

"I was guided (he observes) in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who by the tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me."

"During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that were useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments) she had no silliness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her! alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortune, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days."

HAVE a place for every tool, and never leave one out of its place; or, to go further, "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

INDIAN FRITTERS. Two teaspoonful of Indian meal, half a tea-cup of wheat flour, salt to taste, three eggs, milk enough to form a thick batter. Mix the Indian meal and salt, whisk the yolks very thick and stir into the Indian; then beat the whites to a stiff dry froth, and stir them into the mixture alternately with the flour. Do not beat it after the white is in as that will make it tough. Have a pan with some hot lard, drop a spoonful of the batter into it, and bake a light brown on both sides. They should be baked as soon as they are mixed, for if suffered to stand they will be heavy. With a sweet sauce they may be eaten as dessert.

PUDGING PASTE. 1st class paste. Put on a slab, table board, or basin, one pound of flour, half a pound of beef or mutton suet, chopped rather fine—the fat is preferable—form a well with your hand in the centre of the flour; add the suet, a teaspoonful of salt, half of pepper; moisten all with water, working the flour in by











## The Muse.

"DEAR SISTER,"  
Affectionately inscribed to Helen  
By FRANKIE WILSON.

In that dear hallow'd name there is a sound  
More sweet to me than voices of bells,  
Or golden harpings; or the voice profound  
Of calm love-laden nature as she tells.  
The depth of rapture to the heavenly spheres,  
At summer eve, or spring's resplendent morn!  
It soothes my sorrow and it dries my tears—  
Who hath a sister, cannot be forsaken!

A mother's love of that I may not speak;  
I never knew its blessedness, not I.  
A father's feeling may be strong or weak,  
As aims progress, or disappointments try;  
A brother, he shall aid me, but not I;  
Tis well if kindness prove not but a name;  
Friends may be true, but friendship has its blot,  
The bright light's shadow and the fair its foe!

But in a sister's love of love there's life!  
The mother's yearning, and the father's tone,  
Friendship is there, and more than brother kind,  
Blent with a sweetness that is all her own.  
Here is affection nothing here can blight;  
Guilt, shame and sorrow spend in vain their might,  
Thought parts her from but the yawning grave!

I had a sister once—but she is gone!  
Gone in her beauty, gentleness and grace!  
And ever since, I've trod life's path alone,  
Nor seen a smile upon a kindly face.  
Great was my grief, but deeper still my love,  
And lengthening years but make it deeper grow.  
The last lone remnant of an ancient house,  
Who cares for him, the weary pilgrim now!

O, be thou then, my gentle friend, O be!  
Thou sister, to my pining, yearning heart,  
Thou teach me first low love and wedded bliss,  
I may attain and the brother's part.  
Fain would I learn, if thou wilt only teach—  
Aye, nobly strive, do thou but point the way,  
The utmost limit of all good to reach—  
The just to honor, and the wise obey.  
Wegachin, N. Y., Dec. 1855.

## The Story-Teller.

From the Holly-Tree Inn (Dickens's Christmas Stories).  
THE BOOTS.

Where has he been in his time? he repeated  
When I asked him the question. Lord, he had  
been everywhere! And what had he been!  
Bless you, he had been everything you could  
mention a most.

Seen a good deal! Why, of course he had.  
I should say so, he could assure me, if I only  
could ask a twentieth part of what had come  
in his way. Why, it would be easier for him,  
he expected, to tell what he hadn't seen, than  
what he had. Ah! a deal, it would.

What was the curious thing he had seen?  
Well! He didn't know. He couldn't tell me  
what was the curious thing he had seen—  
unless it was a Unicorn—and here he came,  
at a fair. But, supposing a young gentleman  
not eight years old, was to run away with a  
young woman of seven, might I think that a  
quest start? Certainly. Then that was a  
start as he himself had his blessed eyes on  
—and he had cleaned the shoes they run away  
in—and they was so little that he couldn't get  
his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmsley's father, you see,  
he lived at the Elms, down away by Shooter's  
Hill there, six or seven miles from Lunnon.  
He was a gentleman of spirit, and good looking,  
and held his head up when he walked, and had  
what you may call fire about him. He wrote  
poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he crick-  
eted, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it  
all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud  
of Master Harry as his only child; but he was  
a gentleman that had a will of his own and a  
eye of his own, and that would be minded. Con-  
sequently, though he made quite a companion of the  
fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so  
fond of reading his fairy books, and was never  
tired of hearing him say my name is Nural, or hear-  
ing him sing his song about Young May Moons  
is beaming love, and when he was as adored  
has left but the man, and that still he kept  
the command over the child, and the child was  
a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know this? Why,  
through being under-garden. Of course he  
was to be under-garden, and he was always  
about, in the summer-time, near the window  
on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and  
weeding, and pruning, and this and that, with-  
out getting acquainted with the ways of the  
family. Even supposing Master Harry hadn't  
come to him one morning early, and said,  
"Cobbs, how should you spell Nural, if you  
was asked?" and then began cutting it in print,  
all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular notice  
of children before that; but, really it was pre-  
tence to see them twice a going about the  
place together, deep in love. And the courage  
of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have thrown  
off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves,  
and gone in at a lion, he would, if they had  
happened to meet one and he had been frighten-  
ed of him. One day he steps, along with her,  
where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel,  
and says—speaking, "Cobbs," he says, "I like  
you." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it."  
"Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, you  
think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry,  
I am sure." "Because Nural likes you, Cobbs."  
"Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Gratify-  
ing, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the  
brightest diamonds, to be liked by Nural."  
"Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't  
you, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I shouldn't object,  
if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he,  
"you shall be our Head Gardener when we  
are married." And he tucks her, in her sky-  
blue mantle, under his arm and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than  
a plover, and equal to a play, to see them babies  
with their long bright curling hair, their spark-  
ling eyes, and their beautiful light round, a  
rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots  
was of opinion that the birds belong to the  
birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please  
'em. Sometimes they would creep under the  
Tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms  
round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks  
touching, a reading about the Prince, and the  
king's fair daughter. Sometimes, he would  
hear them planning about having a house in a  
forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living on  
milk and honey. Once, he came  
upon them by the pond, and heard Master  
Harry say, "Adorable Nural, kiss me, and say  
you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head-  
foremost." And Boots made no question, he  
would have done it, if she hadn't complied.  
On the whole, Boots said he had a tendency to  
make him feel as if he was in love himself—  
only he didn't exactly know who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening,  
when Cobbs was watering the flowers; "I am  
going on a visit, this present Midsummer, to  
my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, Sir? I hope you'll have a  
pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire my-  
self, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's  
Cobbs?"  
"No, sir. I haven't got such a thing."  
"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"  
"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the  
flowers, for a little while, and then said, "I  
shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs—Nural's  
going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs,  
"wish your beautiful sweetheart by your side."  
"Cobbs," returned the boy, frowning, "I never  
let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent  
them."

"It wasn't a joke, sir," says Cobbs with hu-  
mility, "wasn't so meant."  
"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like  
you, you know, and you're going to live with  
us—Cobbs!"

"Sir?"  
"What do you think my grandmamma gives  
me, when I go down there?"  
"I couldn't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."  
"When?" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking  
sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a good deal with such a  
sum of money as that. Couldn't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, sir!"  
"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret.  
At Nural's house, they have been joking her  
about me, and pretending to laugh at our being  
engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, sir," said Cobbs, "is the depravity  
of human nature."

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood  
for a few minutes with his glowing face towards  
the sunset, and then departed with "Good-night,  
Cobbs. I'm going in."

"If I was to ask Boots how it happened that  
he was going to leave that place just at that  
present time, well, he couldn't rightly answer  
me. He did suppose he might have stayed there  
till now, if he had been anywhere inclined.  
But, you see, he was younger then and he wanted  
change. That's what he wanted—change."

Mr. Walmsley, he said, to him, when he gave him  
notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he  
says, "have you anything to complain of, if I  
make the inquiry, because if I find that any of  
my people really has anything to complain of,  
I will make it right if I can."

"No, sir," says Cobbs, "I don't, sir, I find myself as  
well situated here as I could hope to be any-  
where. The truth is, sir, that I'm a going to  
seek my fortune." "O, indeed, Cobbs?" he  
says; "I hope you may find it." And Boots  
could assure me—which he did, touching his  
hair with his boot-jack, as a salute in the way  
of his present calling—that he hadn't found it yet.

"Well, Sir! Boots left the Elms when his  
time was up, and Master Harry he went down  
to the old lady's at York, which old lady would  
have given that child the teeth out of her head  
(if she had had any), she was so wrapt up in  
him. What does that Infant do—for Infant  
you may call him and be within the mark—but  
cut away from that old lady's with his Nural,  
on an expedition to go to Gretta Green and be  
married!"

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree  
Inn (having left it several times since to better  
himself, but always come back through one  
thing or another), when, one Summer afternoon,  
the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets  
two children. The Guard says to our Govern-  
or, "I don't quite make out these little pas-  
sengers, but the young gentleman's word was  
that they was to be brought here." The young  
gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives  
the Guard something for himself; says to our  
Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please.  
Sitting-room and two bed-rooms will be required.  
Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks  
her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm,  
and walks into the house much bolder than  
Boots.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement  
of that establishment was when those two  
creatures, all alone by themselves, marched into  
the Angel; much more so, when he, who had  
seen them without their wedding him, gave  
the Governor his views of the expedition. "It  
was upon," "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if  
this is so, I must set off myself to York, and  
quiet their friends, mind. In which case you  
must keep your eyes upon 'em, and humor  
'em, till I come back. But, before I take these  
measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from  
themselves whether your opinions are correct."

"Sir to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done  
directly!"

So, Boots goes upstairs to the Angel, and there  
he finds Master Harry on an enormous sofa—  
immense at any time, but looking like the Great  
Bed of Ware, compared with him—a drying  
thee of Miss Nural with his pocket-handker-  
chief. Their little legs were entirely off the ground,  
and it really is not possible for Boots to  
express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! it's Cobbs!" cries Master Harry,  
and comes running to him and catching hold of  
his hand. Miss Nural comes running to him on  
the other side and catching hold of his other  
hand, and they both jumped for joy.

"See you a getting out, sir," says Cobbs,  
"I thought it was you. I thought I couldn't  
be mistaken in your height and figure. What's  
the object of your journey, sir? Matrimonial?"  
"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at  
Gretta Green," returned the boy. "We have  
run away on purpose. Nural has been in rather  
low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we  
have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank you, miss," says  
Cobbs, "for your good opinion. Did you bring  
any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gave me his  
word and honor upon it, the lady had got a  
parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half  
of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint  
drops, and a hair-brush—seemingly, a doll's.  
The gentleman had got about half-a-dozen yards  
of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-  
paper folded up surprisingly small, a orange,  
and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact nature of your plans,  
sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy—with the courage  
of that boy was something wonderful!—"in  
the morning and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet  
your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for  
joy again, and cried out, "O yes, yes, Cobbs!  
Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs, "if you will ex-  
cuse my having the freedom to give an opinion,  
what I should recommend would be this. I'm  
acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a  
phrygian that I could borrow, would take you  
and Mrs. Harry Walmsley junior (myself driving,  
if you approved), to the end of your journey in  
a very short space of time. I am not altogether  
sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-  
morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-  
morrow for him, it might be worth your while.  
As to the small account here, sir, in case you  
was to find yourself running at all short, that  
I don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of  
this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their  
hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him  
"Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent  
across him to his one another in the delight of  
their confiding hearts, he felt himself the mean-  
est rascal for deceiving 'em, that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present,  
sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of him-  
self.

"We should like some cakes after dinner,"  
answered Master Harry, folding his arms, put-  
ting out one leg, and looking straight at him,  
"and two apples—and jam. With dinner we  
should like to have toast-and-water. But,  
Nural has always been accustomed to half a  
glass of current wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, sir," says  
Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feelings as fresh upon him at this  
minute of speaking, as he had then, that he  
would far rather have had it out in half-a-dozen  
rounds with the Governor, than have combined  
with him; and that he wished with all his heart  
there was any impossible place where those two  
babies could make an impossible marriage, and  
live impossibly happy ever afterwards. How-  
ever, as it couldn't be, he went into the Gov-  
ernor's plans, and the Governor set off for York  
in half-an-hour.

The way in which the women of that house—  
without exception—every one of 'em—married  
and single—took to that boy when they heard  
the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as  
much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing  
into the room and kissing. They climbed up all  
sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look  
at him through a pane of glass. They were seven  
deep at the key-hole. They were out of their  
minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening, Boots went into the room, to  
see how the runaway couple was getting on.  
The gentleman was on the window-seat, sup-  
porting the lady in his arms. She had tears  
upon her face and was lying very tired, and  
half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmsley, Junior, fatigued,  
sir," says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not  
used to be away from home, and she has been  
in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you  
could bring a billiard, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs.  
"What was it you?"

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her,  
Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required  
restorative, and, when he brought it in, the  
gentleman handed it to the lady and fed her  
with a spoon, and took a little himself. The  
lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross,  
"What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of  
a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman ap-  
proved; the chambermaid went first, up the  
great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue  
mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the  
gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her  
door and retired to his own apartment, where  
Boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn't but feel with increased amazement  
what a base deceiver he was, when they con-  
sulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet  
milk and water, and toast and currant jelly,  
overnight), about the pony. It really was as  
much as he could do, he don't mind confessing  
to me, to look them two young things in the  
face, and think what a wicked old father of lies  
he had grown up to be. However, he went  
on a lying like a Trojan, about the pony. He  
told 'em that it did so unfortunately happen that  
the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he  
couldn't be taken out in that state, for fear it  
should strike to his inside. But, that he'd be  
finished clipping in the course of the day, and  
that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the  
phrygian would be ready. Boot's view of the  
whole case, looking back upon it in my room,  
is, that Mrs. Harry Walmsley Junior was begin-  
ning to give in. She hadn't her hair curled  
when she went to bed, and she didn't quit under  
to brushing it herself, and it's getting in her  
eyes, but not. But nothing put out Master  
Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a  
tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his  
own father.

After breakfast, Boots is inclined to consider  
that they drew soldiers—at least, he knows  
that many such was found in the fire-place, all  
on horseback. In the course of the morning,  
Master Harry rang the bell—it was surprising  
how that they boy did carry on—and said in a  
sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walk  
in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir," says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane."

"Get out with you, Cobbs!"—that was that  
there boy's expression—"you're joking."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Cobbs,  
"there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant  
walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to  
yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmsley Junior."

"Nural, dear," said Master Harry, "this is  
curious. We really ought to see Love Lane."  
Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and  
we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a beast he felt  
himself to be, when that young pair told him,  
as they all three jogged along together, that  
they had made up their minds to give him two  
hundred guineas a year as head gardener, on  
accounts of his being so true a friend to 'em.

Boots could have wished at the moment that  
the earth would have opened and swallowed him  
up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes  
looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir,  
he turned the conversation as well as he could,  
and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-  
meadows, and there Master Harry would have  
drowned himself in half a moment more, a get-  
ting out a water-lily for her—but nothing daunt-  
ed that boy. Well, sir, they were tired out.  
All being so new and strange to 'em, they was  
tired as could be. And they laid down on a  
bank of daisies, like the children in the wood,  
leavesy meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don't know—perhaps I do—but never  
mind, it don't signify either way—why it made  
a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them  
two pretty babies a lying there in the clear still  
sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they  
was asleep as they were when they was awake.  
But, Lord! when you come to think of your-  
self, you know, and what a game you have been  
up to ever since you was in your own cradle,  
and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and  
how it's always other yesterday with you or  
else to-morrow, and never to-day, that's where  
it is!

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one  
thing was getting pretty clear to Boots; namely,  
that Mrs. Harry Walmsley Junior's temper  
was on the move. When Master Harry took  
her round the waist, she said he "teased her  
so;"—and when he says, "Nural, my young  
May Moon, your Harry tues you?" she tells  
him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A bilful food, and baked bread-and-butter  
pudding, brought Mrs. Walmsley up a little;  
but Boots could have wished he must privately  
own to me, to have seen her sensible of the  
woice of love, and less abandoning of herself to  
caprice. However, Master Harry he kept up,  
and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs.  
Walmsley turned very sleepy about dusk, and  
began to cry. Therefore Mrs. Walmsley went

off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry  
did repeat.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back  
the Governor in a chair, along with Mr. Walmsley  
and an elderly lady. Mr. Walmsley looks  
amused and very serious, both at once, and  
says to our missis, "we are much indebted to  
you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little  
children, which we can never sufficiently ac-  
knowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?"

Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in  
charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then he,  
says to Cobbs, "Ah, Cobbs! I am glad to see  
you, I understood you were here!" And  
Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, per-  
haps; but Boots assures me that his heart beat  
like a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg your  
pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door;  
"I hope you are not angry with Master  
Harry. For, Master Harry is a fine boy, sir,  
and will do you credit and honor." And  
Boots signifies to me, that if the fine boy's  
father had contradicted him in the daring state  
of mind in which he then was, he thinks he  
should have "fetched him a crack," and taken  
the consequences.

But Mr. Walmsley only says, "No, Cobbs.  
No, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the  
door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he  
sees Mr. Walmsley go up to the bedside ben-  
tly down and kiss the little sleeping face.  
Then he stands looking at it for a minute look-  
ing wonderfully like it (they do say he ran  
away with Mrs. Walmsley); and then he gently  
shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him.  
Looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honor of  
that name, that he looks at Cobbs, to see  
whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you  
to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, Pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His  
breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished,  
and it swells more and more as he stands at last,  
a-looking at his father; his father standing  
a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I?"—the spirit of that little  
creature, and the way he kept his rising tears  
down!—"Please, dear Pa—may I—kiss Nural,  
before I go?"

"You may, my child."

So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and  
Boots leads the way with the candle, and they  
come to that other bedroom, where the elderly  
lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs.  
Harry Walmsley Junior is fast asleep. There,  
the father lifts the child up to the pillow and  
he lays his little face down for an instant by  
the little warm face of poor unconscious little  
Mrs. Harry Walmsley Junior, and gently draws it  
to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaid  
who are peeping through the door, that one of  
them calls out "It's a shame to part 'em!" But  
this chambermaid was always, as Boots informs  
me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any  
harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr.  
Walmsley drove away in the chaise, having held  
of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and  
Mrs. Harry Walmsley Junior that was never to  
be (she married a Captain, long afterwards, and  
died in India) went off next day.

In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold  
him in two opinions; firstly, that there are no  
many couples of their way to be married who are  
half as innocent of guile as those two children;  
secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for  
a great many couples on their way to be married  
if they could only be stopped in time and  
brought back separately.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

A complete dictionary must accomplish several  
distinct objects. It should embrace all the words  
current in the language, (omitting of course,  
many derived forms of words and compounds),  
alphabetically arranged. It should give their  
orthography and pronunciation, especially in a  
language not phonographic, according to the  
last usage, and where usage varies, consulting  
the analogies and tendencies of the words.

It should note such words as are obsolete, ob-  
scure, provincial, technical, or in any other  
specialized meaning in which they are properly  
used. And if in addition to the above, it present  
the etymological origin of words, especially in a  
language so composite as the English, its value  
will be greatly heightened.

Now we hesitate not to assert that, previous to  
the appearance of Webster's Dictionary, there  
was no work in the English language that could  
justly claim to accomplish these objects. John-  
son's Dictionary, a monument of labor in its day,  
was deficient in every respect. Its vocabulary  
was not complete; its orthography not followed;  
its definitions tautologous, and sometimes incor-  
rect; and its presentation of the origin of words,  
except of those from the Latin and Greek, grossly  
deficient. Walker's was but little better, and  
none furnished the desideratum.

Noah Webster, a young man of ardent tem-  
perament, saw the demand, and determined to  
supply it. With youthful enthusiasm, hencerted  
upon the work, but soon found himself unquali-  
fied for the truly enormous task. But, unlike  
his predecessors, he did not content himself with  
presenting an imperfect work, far below his own  
ideal, nor did he despair. Perceiving the com-  
posite character of our language, he determined  
to study its mother tongues, and trace its words  
back to their springs. For more than a dozen  
years, this was his daily study. Supported  
more by a professorship, but by the profits of his  
spelling-book, which more potent than any le-  
gal enactments could have done it, was har-  
monizing the speech of this thinly-settled, mil-  
lions-populated country, he patiently pursued his  
task. The Gothic, with all its branches, Anglo-  
Saxon, German, Dutch, Frisian, Danish, &c.;  
the Celtic, in its branches, Cymric, Gaelic, and  
Irish; the Slavonic, the Hungarian; and then  
all the modern languages of Europe, were his  
study. Then he proceeded to Sanscrit, the oldest  
language extant, and Lithuanian, Arabic, He-  
brew, and Syriac, and others.

He could not read the literature of these lan-  
guages, except a few specimens, nor study close-  
ly their syntax; this would have been a task be-  
yond the reach of a mortal, but he thoroughly  
analyzed their etymologies, and made with his  
own collection of cognate words from all of  
these various tongues, preparatory to an ex-  
haustive analysis of the English language. Now,  
whether such a course is necessary to the lexi-  
cographer of other languages or not, it is neces-  
sary in our language, for the English is the most  
composite of modern languages.

Besides this, he spent many years more in care-  
fully reading the best productions in the English  
language, collecting words not previously ar-  
ranged in any dictionary, and in gathering new  
and appropriate passages to illustrate the various  
usages of words. This part of his labor was not  
inferior to that of Johnson, so often made the  
theme of eulogy by his admirers. He was now  
prepared in the prime of life, to resume his  
youthful task.

The result was, in a few years more, his great  
"American Dictionary of the English Lan-  
guage." Published in a new country, emanat-

ing from no university, but from a private  
gentleman, it no sooner appeared than it was  
greeted with the highest admiration of precisely  
those best qualified to judge of its merits. The  
clearest thinkers admired the accuracy, perspi-  
cacity and fullness of its definitions, which none  
but such an etymologist could give. The gen-  
eral reader found in it an encyclopædia; the  
man of science and the professional man ac-  
knowledge its exactness; and the philologist  
recognized in it by far the greatest treasure in the  
English language. The scholarly Brougham ex-  
claimed, "A very valuable work—a necessity to  
every educated man." The London Times said,  
"The best and most useful dictionary of the En-  
glish language ever printed." George Bancroft  
—a good linguist and prince among historians—said:  
"The etymological part surpasses anything that  
has been done for the English language by any  
earlier laborers in the same field." Well he  
might say so, for none but one grossly ignorant  
could deny it, and no man since, in the English  
language, has ever re-survived "the same field."

The Hon. John C. Spencer, whose legal  
decisions are quoted with the highest respect  
in America and England, eulogized it in the  
strongest language possible; and, after hav-  
ing carefully compared it with all other lexi-  
cographical works of any pretensions, made this  
his constant companion in his professional labors.

A severe scrutiny has signally failed in point-  
ing out in it any great defects. Especially, its  
philological accuracy and its philosophical defini-  
tions stand unimpaired; and little criticism  
has been obliged to fasten on the orthography  
and pronunciation of a dozen or two of words—  
less than the dust on a balance, compared with  
the great merits of the book. Who has not  
heard of the cobler, that, standing before an  
exquisite picture was dead to all its beauties,  
because the shoe was not painted according to  
the cobbler's taste! And that taste, too, was  
probably founded on an obsolete fashion!

We here take occasion distinctly to state, that  
though we in our sapience, and even all the rest  
of mankind should differ from Dr. Webster in  
the orthography of a few words, and should  
prefer the spelling found in a dictionary which  
the publishers are most absurdly striving to  
elevate into rivalry with this, we believe the  
reputation of the great American dictionary  
would be unimpaired, and its claims to be re-  
garded as a standard immeasurably higher than  
those of any other book. All these deviations  
could be printed on the fragment of a single  
page, and his consultants left to their choice.  
But we do not allow that they are wrong. They  
are but an inconsiderable remnant of changes  
which Dr. Webster was the first lexicographer  
to authenticate, and which are now generally  
adopted—and the next generation will witness  
the general adoption of these.

We do not claim for his book absolute perfec-  
tion. Such is not found in the productions of  
mortals. But we claim that Webster should  
have the proper credit for his labors; that no  
book produced by an ordinary scholar, having  
adopted either immediately from him or im-  
mediately through others the result of his labors,  
and compelled to coincide with him in all but a  
few insignificant items, and thence differing im-  
measurably from all other dictionaries in the  
language, be allowed to rob him of his well-  
earned credit and position, or to be mentioned  
in the same category. It is no new thing to see  
a man who has toiled long to invent a machine  
and bring it to perfection, robbed of all his  
honor by a pretender, who introduces some  
little "improvement" or blunder into the same  
machine, and disguising it as his own, fattens on  
the genius and toil of another. It will argue a  
great deficiency in American scholarship, if in  
this case, they are not able to distinguish be-  
tween the original and the counterfeit, the gen-  
uine and the false. We have, personally, no in-  
terest in the matter, not common to all desirous  
to see true scholarship encouraged, and we only  
desire to have the verdict of American scholars  
continue unchanged, pronounced as it has been,  
unquestionably for the truth.